# In the Footprints of William of Orange

## THE HERO OF THE LOYAL ORANGE ASSOCIATION

By

REV. BRO. CHARLES LENCH

Past Grand Chaplain, Newfoundland

Delegate to Sovereign Grand Lodge of E.A., 1908

Delivered in the Methodist College Hall to the St. John's Orangemen; to the Orangemen, Harbor Grace, in the Coughlan Hall; in the Orange Hall at Western Bay, and elsewhere.

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## FOREWORD.

For many years I have felt that there should be a short, concise and practical account of William of Orange, written in such a manner, that the members of our honourable Association might easily grasp the reason why our illustrious deliverer undertook our languishing cause at the most critical juncture of our national history.

Lord Macaulay's masterpiece "The History of England," from the accession of James II. to the death of William the Third is certainly without a rival, and the most illuminating account of William of Orange extant. To wander through those five ponderous volumes, in order to catch the most salient points of his career, is a task that few accomplish, while on the other hand some of the briefer histories give but scant notice to William of Orange, and but tardy recognition of his contribution to the nation. Yea, it is very obvious that his mission to Britain was misunderstood and underated by the average historian.

For these reasons I have decided to prepare for the brethren an inexpensive booklet which I trust will bring the members of our fraternity in closer contact with our illustrious hero, and result in an enlarged esteem for him, as the outcome of a more extended acquaintance.

CHARLES LENCH.

Bonavista, Nfld.
Dec. 5, 1917.

WILLIAM III Born 1650; Died 1702
THE DEFENDER OF OUR LIBERTIES

# IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE

SINCE the battle of Hastings and the accession of William the Conqueror to the throne of England, or during the long period of eight hundred and fifty years, the twenty-eight sovereigns have ruled the destinies of the British nation, reigning on an average of twenty-three years. These thirty-eight monarchs have been distinguished by thirteen different names.

P. W. BRO. J. C. PUDDESTER
GRAND MASTER

THE REIGN OF THE HENRYS.

If majorities count for anything then Henry leads, or that distinction belongs to him. But while eight different times we find a Henry on the throne, the majority of them were but sorry specimens of their sex, and often died "unwept, unhonored and unsung;" and for three and a half centuries the name has disappeared from the catalogue of succeeding monarchs. Nevertheless, Henry the Eighth must be regarded as an epoch-making king, for despite his faults (and some were very grievous) to him must be attributed, irrespective of personal motives, our liberation from the foreign yoke of papal domination and ecclesiastical tyranny. A higher power than Henry and the Pope of Rome took from this good out of evil to our nation.

ENGLAND AND HER SEVEN EDWARDS.

Some of our Edwards acted a splendid part in the history of the nation. The first was illustrious by winning the Welsh crown, then by tact, completely pacifying a conquered people by calling

his son and heir apparanet "The Prince of Wales," and by fostering the British Parliament, then only in its infancy. The second Edward was a weakling. The third was the most varliant soldier of the royal line. The fourth should have been a brighter light, yet with the knowledge to do right he preferred the opposite. The fifth while yet a boy of tender years, and ere the crown was placed upon his head, fell a victim to the murderous hate of his tyrannical uncle.

REV. BRO. CHARLES LENCH
Past Grand Chaplain of Newfoundland.

The sixth "beloved of the gods," finished his course in his sixteenth year, having given bright hopes of an illustrious future. And the seventh, last but not least, will pass on to future generations as "Edward the Peacemaker."

### The Reign of the Georges.

The first two monarchs who bore this name of chivalry are beneath our notice. The third was a simple hearted and doubtless a well meaning weakling, who lost for Britain her American colonies. Yet maybe it was the best thing for them and for us. The fourth banished his queen and forfeited the respect of the nation. The two landmarks of the four Georges are the loss of the American Colony and the invention of the evening dress coat. The poet of the day capped the climax by singing—"Then thank heaven the George's ended." After eighty years a fifth George appears upon the throne, but far superior to his predecessors. His deportment since coming to the throne has been such, that his subjects throughout his vast dominions can sing without reservation, "God Save the King," and some one has suggested that hereafter he should be known as "George the Dutiful."

### THE ONE AND ONLY KING JOHN.

England's throne has only once been honored by the illustrious name of John. Much against his will he signed the Magna Charta (the great charter) of our civil liberties. Had he done it freely, and had his life been exemplary, he would not have blocked the way of a namesake for seven hundred years. Dearly does Britain love her Johns for they have shed eternal lustre upon the nation. The name shall ever live in the nation's history, for no name contributed so much towards her national and world wide development. Who was the morning star of the reformation? *John* Wickliffe. Who thundered his invectives against the papacy and laid the future of "Bonnie Scotland's" moral and religious greatness? *John* Knox. What immortal dreamer, in the days of religious bigotry and intolerance, gave the world an allegory, showing the path from the city of destruction to the celestial city? The Bedford tinker, *John* Bunyan. When the nation needed a great Epic, to place her equably with Homer's "Iliad" and Virgil's "Æneid," the Greek and Roman classics, who eclipsed the other two by his inimitable and immortal "Paradise Lost?" It was blind *John* Milton.

And to a host of names that shine in a galaxy of splendour, add that of the "man sent from God, whose name was John." And what name gleams brighter than that of him who was the instrument in God's hand, when the nation was drifting towards the brink of deism and moral ruin, of bringing in the regeneration of the Empire, by stirring up all the Churches of Christendom? That honored name was *John* Wesley.

### THE THREE RICHARDS.

Three times did a Richard rule our destinies. But they don't appeal to the British of to-day. The first was Richard the Lion-hearted. He led the Crusaders against the Saracens, when he should have been at home looking after his kingdom. The second was so vain and self willed, that he forfeited his crown. The name of Richard the Third has passed to posterity in shame and infamy. The world will never forgive that fiendish plot which smothered the princes in the Tower of London. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay." Richard the Third reigned for the brief space of two short years, then lost his life and crown on Bosworth field.

### Charles I. and Charles II.

On two occasions did a Charles occupy the regal throne. The first lost his position through being obsessed by that leading characteristic of the Stuarts, "the divine right of Kings." He kept his marriage vow," says Macaulay, but "violated his coronation oath," and forfeited his head on account of his supreme folly. Charles the Second should have learned wisdom from his father's downfall and not have turned his royal court into a place of shame and immorality. Thus the curtain falls upon the last scene of a comparatively worthless life. A Roman Catholic priest was seen administering the last rites of the Church to him who had sworn to uphold the protestant faith. "He died," says the historian, "with the wafer in his throat." We don't object to the wafer in its proper place, but we do deprecate the hypocrisy of Charles the Second!

### Elizabeth, Britain's Own Maiden Queen.

The maiden queen grasped the helm of state in troublous times, but she proved herself quite equal to the occasion. They say she was rough, uncouth in her manners, and that she was wont to swear like a trooper at those in authority under her, impressing them with a dire sense of the dignity of her position and prerogative. To one of her bishops she said in anger, "You know what you were before I made you what you are, and with an oath not to be recorded here, I will unfrock you." She saw the destruction of the Spanish Armada, and brought the ship of state into quiet waters. She left the kingdom stronger than she found it, and forging her way to the time when she would become the pride and envy of the nations.

### Oliver Cromwell, England's Uncrowned King.

Once a meteor of exceptional brilliancy flashed across the sky of our national life, and though it hovered with our fathers for a brief period of eleven years, nevertheless, when vanishing left behind two very important object lessons. The first lesson to be deduced from the Lord Protector and uncrowned ruler of the commonwealth, should act as a warning to all Britain's future monarchs, not to use their liberty as an occasion to lord it over God's heritage. On the other hand it will serve as a great object lesson to the world's Republics, not to think of themselves more highly

than they ought to think, nor to think themselves the only people who can run a republic. England did it once with excellent results and could do it again; and actually, by her democratic government, doing it in spirit if not in the letter. What else is her limited monarchy and the democratization of all her institutions?

The Commonwealth under Oliver Cromwell forged its way in eleven years, from a fourth rate to a first rate power. From that time her fleet has maintained the supremacy of the waves, and her position among the great world powers has never been disputed. Let the poet Thompson speak:—

> "The nations not so blest as thee,
> Shall in their turn to tyrants fall.
> Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
> The pride and envy of them all."

### James I. and James II.

Twice in her history has James held the rod of Empire. The title page of our authorized version of the Bible calls him the "high and mighty Prince James." He suggested a few alterations which were no credit to his scholarship. He also marvellously escaped a notorious plot to annihilate him and his parliament. His grandson, James the Second, had not the good sense to hold a splendid position, and but for the behaviour of his namesake, and his disreputable conduct, there would be no Loyal Orange Association, nor should we at this time be writing a treatise on the immortal prince of the House of Orange. James the Second played with the nation too long and his folly cost him his regal position and sent him forth an exile in a strange land.

### Our Four Williams.

William the First was known as the Conqueror. He brought the kingdom into shape by parcelling it into counties. He made an inventory of the families of note and the wealth of the nation. His valuable census was preserved in a huge volume known as the Doom's Day Book," now in the British Museum. He built and occupied as a royal palace, the far famed Tower of London, and also re-opened the enlarged and beautified Westminster Abbey. William the Second was nicknamed Rufus. His outstanding characteristics were his sporting proclivities. He paid the full price for his

hobby in the New Forst. William the Fourth was our first Sailor King and the passing of the Reform Laws in 1832 constitute him an epoch making sovereign. That famous Parliamentary enactment proving the greatest factor in our modern national progress along the lines of political, economic and social advancement.

But the most illustrious niche in our Westminster Abbey of British sovereigns we reserve in the Temple of Fame for William Henry of Nassau, the illustrious and immortal Prince of the House of Orange, the hero of the Loyal Orange Association, the only fraternity throughout His Majesty's vast dominions that does honor in such a manner to a British sovereign. An Association that has right nobly sent forth her gallant sons to uphold, on the blood-stained battlefields of Europe, in the great struggle with Germany, those principles of justice and righteousness and liberty, for which King William crossed the water in 1688.

### His Royal Ancestry.

Prince William Henry of Nassau, who saw the light a few days before his father's death in 1650, was very closely related to Britain's royal household. His mother was daughter of King Charles the First, which made him a nephew of James the Second. He married the daughter of James the Second who was his first cousin. Thus James the Second, his uncle, became his father in law, and his cousin Mary became his wife, and in the event of her father's death she was the true heir to the throne of Great Britain. Had she survived her father, and had there been no revolution, she would have been Queen of England and William of Orange her prince consort.

At his birth Prince William was heir to a magnificent fortune. He was a magnate of Germany, and belonged to one of the most illustrious Houses of Europe. If there be anything in royal blood, then such advantage was surely his, for the best of Europe's blood coursed through his veins, and both he and his royal consort Princess Mary, in the time of England's extremity, had every rightful claim to the British throne.

It is not surprising when we consider who his mother was that there should be found in him, in early life, a leaning towards the Roman Catholic faith. He was sent while very young to receive his educational training in a Roman Catholic institution. But as

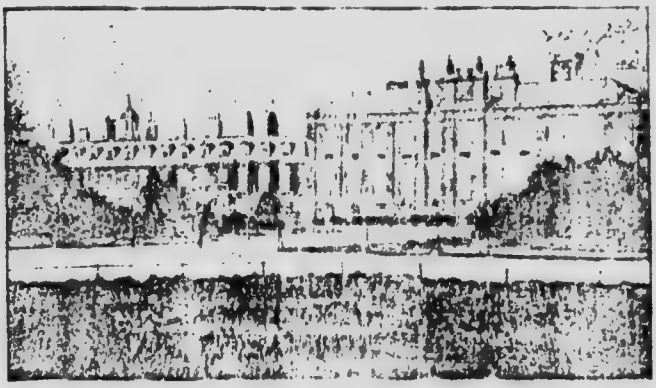
he advanced to years of discretion and made a closer study of his family history, on the paternal side of the household, he threw off the yoke of superstition and like another, many centuries before, "he choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." And this noble prince was destined to be the Protestant deliverer of the British nation. And the greatest step in that direction was when he broke away from his old associations and stood manfully for a Protestant education.

LET US TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT OUR HERO.

During my holiday rambles in dear old England, in the summer of 1904, I never let an opportunity slip of studying every statue and painting, or whatever related to William of Orange. One of the first places we visited in London was Kensington Palace and its beautiful grounds. Here was the home of the Deliverer for the fourteen years he ruled the destinies of Great Britain. Next in importance was a visit to his last resting place in the far famed Westminster Abbey. We wanted to come in contact, at first hand, with the places familiar to one who loomed so large in our nation's history, in connection with the Revolution of 1688, and its future influence upon our constitutional rights and privileges. We had a twofold object in that minute investigation. We wished to discover what there was in that slight figure, bearing the impress of care and physical emaciation, that could so marvellously impress his own, and succeeding generations. And further, that we might impart the benefit of our observations to those of our Newfoundland brethren of the Loyal Orange Association, who were not so privileged to visit those historic places made sacred by the illustrious prince more than two hundred years ago. Not many of Britain's sovereigns have been given a place in the art galleries of England. Royalty, in the main, have not been the most popular in those quarters. Queen Victoria did much to clean up the Royal Court and win for it the respect of Britain's subjects. In the British Parliament a number of the royal rulers have been honoured by the sculptor's chisel and the painter's pencil, but none more so than William of Orange, and from their places in the House of Commons distinguished statesmen have repeatedly made flattering reference to him and of his worth to the nation.

One life-sized statue had the appearance of solid gold, and

surely gold was a fitting emblem of him who had the guinea stamp whose life, walk and general deportment had the true and genuine ring. We found him again in the Westminster Hall—that famous annex of the British Parliament where, on a fatal day in 1648, King Charles I. was sentenced to death. Again we were in his footprints at Madam Tussand's Wax Work, where we found him in effigy, probably attired in the clothes he wore in the days of his flesh, or as nearly duplicated as possible. His face was a splendid reproduction of the best paintings we saw of him. We spent several happy hours at Kensington Palace where William and Mary made their home. This mansion was previously the property



KENSINGTON PALACE, LONDON, HOME OF KING WILLIAM III

of Lord Nottingham, and was purchased by King William, enlarged and renovated at a cost of half a million dollars. These improvements were going on while William was in Ireland at the Battle of the Boyne. Queen Mary took great interest in the improvements, and was rushing the workmen to have the palace completed against his home coming. We roamed the grounds where Mary spent those hours in quiet meditation, about the time of the eventful battle of July 12th. Here she penned that charming letter containing these words:—"The place made me feel how happy I was when I had your dear company." Five years later she died of smallpox at this beautiful home. Knowing her end was approaching she locked herself in her chamber and having burnt some papers, resigned her soul to God and calmly awaited the end. Although

five years had passed since William's accession to the throne, King James had still his supporters calling themselves Jacobites or nonjurors, who refused to take the oath of allegiance to King William and Queen Mary. They contended that William and Mary were usurpers and had no right to the throne. The extent to which this spirit was indulged was evidenced by the fact that one of the leading divines preached a specially disparaging and approbrious sermon to her memory, taking for his text 2 Kings, 9, 34: "Go see now this accursed woman and bury her, for she is a king's daughter." Her death was regarded by her enemies as a judgment from the Almighty. The opinions of the people of Great Britain have undergone a great change since that day.

The next important event at Kensington Palace was the death of William of Orange in 1702. From the place of his death we go to the Nave in Henry Seventh Chapel in Westminster Abbey, where the last offices of respect were paid to the departed, and as we stand upon that granite slab which covers the remains of William and Mary, and look around upon the costly monuments erected to monarchs whose reigns were only a menace to the growth and progress of the nation, we conclude that the immortal prince deserved better at the hands of the men of Britain. But after all, posthumous influence is better than "storied urn or animated bust," for "he being dead yet speaketh." Queen Ann, George the First and George the Second, made Kensington Palace a royal residence, after which it was abandoned as such and passed into possession of the Duke of Kent, and subsequently was the birthplace of Queen Victoria. On her eightieth birthday Queen Victoria the Good, opened the state apartments and made them free to the public. There are to be found, sacredly preserved, the relics of her childhood's days and many curios of great interest. All members of the Loyal Orange Association privileged to see London, should endeavour to visit Kensington Palace, and the last resting place of William of Orange.

WILLIAM'S EQUESTRIAN STATUE AT BRISTOL.

Pursuing our holiday rambles we found ourselves, a few days later, in old historic Bristol, where John Cabot sailed for the discovery of new lands in the good ship Matthew, and discovered Newfoundland on the 24th of June 1497.

We learnt that King William had an equestrian statue on

Queen's Square. After a long search on an excessively hot day, we found the square and also the famous bronze statue. It was the original of the picture of William on his charger. Some say it is the last specimen of an equestrian statue in England, unless rivalled by that of Richard the First, outside the British House of Commons. From the statue in the centre of the square, there are eight asphalt paths dividing the green sward into as many angles, and giving the whole square the appearance of a huge Union Jack.

Terrible riots have occured in this square from time to time. In 1831 the rioters destroyed property to the amount of £1,000,000 and 100 persons were killed and wounded. But it is singular that amid all the commotion and disorder and destruction of property, not one rioter ever laid a finger upon the statue of King William. The mob seemed to realize, as by a strange intuition, that the silent figure on his silent charger, would have been a true friend and sympathizer in the struggle for their economic rights and of their downtrodden condition. Twenty-six of the so called ringleaders were executed and others were given long terms of imprisonment. On account of the judge's stern reprimand the Captain of the militia committed suicide. These stirring events occurred only three days before the pasing of the Reform Laws, which paved the way for many improvements, and a better understanding between capital and labour—the classes and the masses.

### His Personal Appearance.

Now that we have seen him portrayed on canvas by the most celebrated painters of his day modelled in wax, chiselled from marble, and cast in bronze, what are our general impressions of him and how does his personal appearance appeal to us? He was of slender build, but we would not discount him for that. Men are not measured by their height, nor estimated by their avoirdupois. "The mind's the standard of the man." His head and face are well worthy of our consideration. He had a forehead which was lofty and ample, while his nose placed him in the military leadership with Cæsar, Napoleon and Wellington. That nasal appendage like the beak of an eagle, was its own interpreter. Do we talk of the quickness of the eagle's eye? We learn from his biographers that his eye was, in brilliancy and penetration, keener than the eagle's. But his brow was sullen and his cheeks were furrowed with care,

and his singular facial appearance had been made pale by many years of protracted sickness.

To a stranger, upon the first appearance, there would come the feeling that he had a disposition to peevishness rather than of good humor; but all that was deemed to vanish upon a closer acquaintance, when his marvellous face would be suddenly transformed, and taken all in all, bespoke such strength of character, such indomitable will and courage that would make its possessor equal to any enterprize that was taken in hand.

When he undertook our languishing cause he was only thirty-seven years of age, but he would have passed as a man of fifty. However, we must not forget all those influences which helped to make him what he was and passed him on to future generations as "William the silent."

His Intellectual Attainments and Qualifications.

He had cultivated, in the hard school of experience, that important art of knowing how to "keep your own counsel." He was beset by snares on every hand. His footsteps were tracked by the enemies of the cause he came to love. His Protestant friends and associates were removed from him in early life, and he was compelled to take every step cautiously, but by that rigid discipline he laid a good foundation against the time to come. He was noted for his mental concentration and his studious habits. Although he spoke his mother tongue, the Dutch language, fluently, he also made himself acquainted with English, French, German, Italian, Latin and Spanish. While speaking his native tongue fluently, he could get along easily in six others. He was well versed in statecraft and had a marvellous grasp of foreign diplomacy, being always at home when great international questions were the subject of discussion. He differed from those in his exalted position, in that the theatre had no attraction for him. Nor had he any love for the card table. Nor had he any inclination toward the fine arts, or science and poetry. But he had such a working or practical knowledge of geometry, as to know how to place his men upon the field with the best results in checkmating the enemy.

His Moral and Religious Deportment.

But above all, he had found time, notwithstanding his varied pursuits, to make an acute investigation of the tenets of Roman

Catholicism as opposed to those of Protestant teaching. He had marked the strong points of contrast. The soundness of the one had appealed to him when offset by the deficiencies of the other. He digged deep in the old fashioned mine of truth, the Holy Bible, and he had gauged his convictions by that old fashioned guide the enlightened Christian conscience, and thus he drew his conclusions, viz.:—That the faith once delivered to the saints stood for the purity of christian worship. That it was opposed to the worship of images. That it recognized but one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus, and consequently only one priesthood. That none can forgive sins but one, that is God. He saw that the word of God taught only one state of probation, and that "it is appointed unto man once to die, but after this the judgment." He saw that works of supererogation were but a fiction without any Scripture warrant whatsoever, and that eternal life could only be obtained by the act of God's mercy manifested through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. After this long and critical investigation, like Martin Luther, he took his stand in the strength of God and went forth, having espoused Britain's cause, to fight the battles of our Protestant liberty.

### Youthful Promise of Future Greatness.

At the early age of eighteen he had a seat among the fathers of his country, and at twenty three was placed at the head of the administration, being at that early age renowned throughout Europe as a statesman and a warrior. He had at that early age taken the field against some of the greatest generals of that time. He was of such even temperament that great victories or defeats made but little impression upon him. He was neither discouraged nor daunted by disaster, for that proved an inspiration in rallying his forces. Ere his victorious enemies had time to sing their doxology he was at them again. In manner he was of a kind, polite and cordial disposition and what Shakespeare wrote concerning a great Roman General would have been equally applicable to William of Orange.

> "His life was gentle and the elements in him so mixed,
> That nature could stand up to the world and declare,
> He was a man."

But since it may not be your privilege to see the noble prince in Britain's art galleries and elsewhere, let me give you the best

pen picture extant, that we know of the realm of literature, drawn by a master hand of his own generation:—

"The asserter of Liberty, the Deliverer of Nations,
The preserver of Britain and Europe.
He was cautious without fear, and valiant without [illegible]
His thoughts were wise and secret, and his words few and faithful.
His actions were many and heroic, and his government without
tyranny,
His justice without rigour, and his religion without superstition.
He was great without pride, and meritorious without recompence.
King, Queen, Potentate I never saw,
So good, so wise, so valiant as Nassau,
He was, but words are wanting to say what:
Say all that's good and great and he was that."

WHAT BROUGHT WILLIAM OF ORANGE TO ENGLAND?

This question opens a very wide door. Let us look at the state of things existing in Great Britain and Ireland during the years that intervened, between the death of Oliver Cromwell, the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, and the abdication of the throne by James II. in 1688. Let the facile pen of Lord Macaulay [illegible] the picture for us.

"The events which followed his decease, (that is Oliver Cromwell), are the most complete vindication of those who exerted themselves to uphold his authority, for his death dissolved the whole frame-work of society. The army rose against the Parliament and the different corps of the army against each other. Sect raved against sect. Party plotted against party. The Presbyterians in their eagerness to be avenged on the Independents, sacrificed their own liberty and deserted all their own principles. Without casting one glance at the past, or requiring one stipulation for the future, they threw down their freedom at the feet of the most frivolous and heartless of tyrants. Then came those days, never to be recalled without a blush, the days of servitude without loyalty, and security without love, of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices, the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds, the golden age of the coward and the bigot and the slave.

"The King cringed to his rival, that he might trample on his people, sank into a vassalage at once abject and perilous, while complacent pride hid her degrading mantle and her more degrading gold. The caresses of harlots and the jests of buffoons regulated the mea-

sures of a government which had just ability enough to deceive and just religion enough to persecute. The principles of liberty were the scoff of every grinning courtier, and the Anathema Maranatha of every fawning dean. In every high place worship was paid to Charles and James, to Belial and Moloch, and England propitiated those obscene and cruel idols with the blood of her best and bravest children. Crime succeeded to crime, and disgrace to disgrace, till the race accused of God and man was a second time driven forth to wander on the face of the earth, and to be a byword and a shaking of the head of the nations." —Essay on Milton, page 29.

With such a picture of the times, who shall say it was not an opportune moment for some great deliverer?

James the Second saw the ship of state rushing upon the rocks of ruin and instead of acting the part of a wise coastermaster he allowed her to pursue a course of destruction which culminated in his own ruin and disgrace. His first conjudicious act was seen in an attempt, wholly on his own responsibility, to repeal the Habeas Corpus Act and also to abolish any laws he thought fit, without first consulting his ministers or securing the consent of Parliament. As a Protestant sovereign he placed into the hands of his enemies. The gulf of disagreement between him and his people gradually widened, and between the two parties bitter feelings were engendered. The poets of the day began to satirize the conduct of the King in course and ridiculous rhymes. This only maddened him and in retaliation he drew up the famous "Declaration of Indulgence," which abrogated all penal laws and abolished all religious tests and in it he claimed full right to manage all the religious affairs of the kingdom. He should have consulted his ministerial advisers and not have acted the autocrat. His mandate went forth that the Declaration of Indulgence should be read on April 2nd, 1688, in all the Churches in and around London for a radius of ten miles, and then in every church throughout the kingdom. It was a very critical hour. There was no time to be lost. The clergy were immediately gathered together by their respective bishops and they unanimously decided that the document should not be read. The effect upon the nation was electrical, for on and after that Sabbath the Declaration was treated with silent contempt. But the Archbishop of Canterbury with six of the Bishops were arrested

and marched through the Traitors Gate and imprisoned in the Tower of London.

### Who were the Seven Bishops?

The first was William Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, a true Protestant, who a little later signed the requisition to call William to the throne, but subsequently, from conscientious scruples, refused to place the crown on his head at his coronation. Thomas Kenn, Bishop of Bath and Wells, a very godly man as evidenced by two hymns he composed, "Awake my soul and with the sun," &c. and "Glory to Thee my God this night," and other gems of poetry. John Trelawney, Bishop of Bristol. The Cornish people on hearing of his arrest went wild with excitement and showed their feelings in the ballad including the word,

"And shall Trelawney die?
Then twenty thousand Cornishmen will know the reason why."

The others were the Bishops of St. Asaph, Ely, Chichester, and Peterborough. When brought before the court they all pleaded "Not guilty" to the charges preferred against them. They were then remanded for a fortnight, but meanwhile were bailed out by their friends, to appear at the proper time, a fortnight hence, to give account of their deeds, and all England awaited the trial with great anxiety, and the issue of the important event, which was to be a red letter day in the history of the nation.

### The Trial of the Seven Bishops.

The eventful day at length arrived, and the court proceeded with its interesting business. The jury was impanelled. The prisoners were in their places in the dock, and in due course the jury were entrusted with the responsibility of considering their verdict. They retired, but it was a long time before they returned. It would have been a very short matter of finding the verdict but for one of the jurors. Eleven were agreed, but one stubbornly disagreed. This man was the Duke's brewer, who had long prepared the liquors for the King's table. He would not give in, but kept them there without light or food, through the livelong night. Never was there such a season of suspense in London. The people waited in Westminster Hall and on the street throughout the whole night in almost breathless silence, while the jury tried to bring the brewer Arnold to his senses. They were there when the morning light dawned upon them and the jurors still held the destinies of

the nation in their keeping. It was a deadlock, but deliverance was at hand. As the morning dawned out spoke a very corpulent country gentleman who handled the obstructionist without gloves. Looking straight at Arnold he made one of the most significant speeches ever uttered in a jury room. "Just look at me. I am the largest and the strongest of the twelve, and before I'll give in to you, here we'll stay until I am no bigger than a tobacco pipe." By six in the morning Arnold had yielded and the jury returned into Court, and when the Chief Justice asked, "Gentlemen are you agreed upon your verdict?" the foreman answered in a clear voice, Yes, and then "Not Guilty."

Who can imagine the effect of those two words upon the audience, in that place of historic thrills? The words were immediately caught up by the assembly and reverberated from floor to ceiling, and passed through the windows, to the men on the street. Hats, caps and bonnets were thrown into the air. Bonfires were in readiness and were soon burning throughout London and its environs. Men, women and children ran in every direction shouting, "Not Guilty! Not Guilty!" The sound rolled in through the city to Whitechapel and Kensington and Hounslow, and was in turn taken up by the soldiers around the Royal Palace, where it reached its great objective, and had the effect of a death knell upon the heart of him who by his miserable conduct had been the cause of all the trouble—the pale and affrighted King. Nor was that the end of its journey, when it reached the royal palace. By this time it had attained a good start, and it ran like a joyful sound throughout all England. Not Guilty! Even the inconsistent and unfaithful King is defeated and the grand old Protestant Church of England is safe. It was this righteous and splendid verdict which hastened the Revolution.

### Why did William Come?

When the verdict of not guilty had gone forth, King James soon realized that he had mounted an uncontrollable steed and it had thrown him into an abyss of national disapprobation. His inglorious conduct had surely paved the way to the throne for his more honorable daughter and illustrious son-in-law. A strong coalition party was formed and the Prince of Orange was requested to come to England and champion our Protestant rights and liberties. This news didn't dawn very sweetly upon King James.

When he learnt that William had actually left, he turned white with rage, but it had no more effect than King John's raging at Runnymede. He had still reserved enough common sense to know that he had better be moving and no time was to be lost. But a marvellous providence protected our hero. The "Brill," William's ship, heading the fleet, with the military armaments, left the Hague, with the device that meant everything hoisted to the masthead, the talismanic words, "I will maintain the liberties of England and the Protestant religion." They were driven back by the storm and again put to sea. This time with a good fresh breeze, they sailed majestically down the English Channel. It was providential that the breeze that carried William's fleet down the Channel prevented James from leaving the Thames. Could those varying winds be attributed to accident? When William's fleet had cleared the Channel the wind changed again and carried him onwards to Torbay. Then James with his fleet left the lower Thames, but there was no sign of his enemy. The breeze that carried William into Torbay, carried James to the coast of France, and the first news that reached him was that William and Mary had been received at London.

Don't let us suppose that from that moment he had a splendid time, and one of unmixed happiness. On the 5th November, 1688, his troubles began. Many who requested him to come, forsook him on his arrival. Until the 9th of March 1702, when he closed his eyes on this world, he was in trials and tribulations beyond measure. He realized too truly during those fourteen eventful years that "Not easy lies the head that wears a crown." For James had still his faithful adherents and it was to them he looked to help him to secure his crown again. His followers were known by the name of Jacobites. They took the ground that the followers of William of Orange had stretched forth their hands against the Lord's anointed. Archbishop Sancroft was of that opinion and he had a large following. His attitude seems inconsistent when we consider that he was sent to the Tower and had also signed the requisition to bring William to England. Sometimes it divided man and wife, as in the case of Rev. Samuel and Susannah Wesley, father and mother of John and Charles Wesley. The Rev. Samuel Wesley was in favor of William of Orange and wrote a book in defence of the Revolution. Queen Mary in return presented Mr. Wesley with the living at Epworth. Susannah Wesley kept her di

like for William and Mary to herself, but Mr. Wesley discovered, at the end of thirteen years, that his good wife didn't say "Amen" when he prayed for the King and Queen. When they arose from their knees he questioned her and she answered that she never had, and never would, say Amen to such a petition. Then Samuel said, "if we must have two kings, then we will have two beds." He forthwith made provision for his wife and left her family. A year later Wiliam died, and two days after Samuel Wesley appeared upon the scene, and Susannah, like a good and sensible woman, said nothing more about it.

The Jacobites were, for the most part, spies for King James, the deposed monarch. While in France he was kept well informed concerning every movement of his rival. William got the parliament to make the exiled king an sufficient allowance to provide for his needs. Many dastardly plots for his assassination were brought to light, but he still went on with the duties he believed God had entrusted to him. One has said "Man is immortal until his work is done," so did it seem in the case of William of Orange.

### The Siege of Derry.

On the 7th day of December 1688, the gates of Derry, or Londonderry in Ireland, were closed by the thirteen apprentice boys whose names will go down to future generations. The gates of the city remained closed for eight months, during which time the inhabitants, with thousands of others who had fled there for refuge, endured untold hardships, which they faced with heroic fortitude having scarcely a parallel in the world's history. James made them tempting offers of pardon, but all to no avail. After months of hardship they replied to his flattering offers, "We will eat the horses, the dogs and the rats, the tallow and even the prisoners, if need be, but "No Surrender." On August 1st, 1689, the seige was raised by help from London, and the gates opened on a liberated people. During those trying and weary months, King William was getting things into shape, and the nation was gradually coming into harmony with new conditions. The constitution meanwhile was undergoing important transformations, that were to make it the glory of the nation, and the admiration of the world in coming centuries. And while the enemies of our civil rights and religious liberties were exceptionally busy, they found their match in William

and his ministerial advisers. But the opening of the gates of Derry upon a free and liberated people did not end the trouble in Ireland. James knew full well that if there was one place left where he might strike a successful blow and win back his kingdom, that spot was Ireland. There he had a following of people like-minded with himself, and he intended to return to Ireland and make another desperate effort to regain his throne. Eleven months after the raising of the siege of Derry, with all the French generals and troops he could muster in France and Ireland, he was

PRENTICE BOYS HALL AND CITY WALL, LONDONDERRY

ready again. Oliver Cromwell had once to go to Ireland to straighten things out, and William knew full well that it would be too great a risk to send men to readjust matters, and so he went himself. Hearing that James and his French contingent had arrived in Ireland he knew there was no time to be lost. He therefore left London for the seat of war with as little delay as possible.

### The Battle of the Boyne

There have been many great battles in history. The Battle of Lepanto won by Don John, saved Europe from becoming Asiatic. The overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo meant a century of comparative peace for the great European nations. Marengo put a crown on Napoleon's head and Waterloo knocked it off again. The Battle of Trafalgar meant much to Britain and the nations. Gettys-

burg was a pivot battle in the American civil war. Perhaps none of Britain's battles by land or sea have been fought with such far reaching results as the immortal Battle of the Boyne, a battle upon which hung such mighty issues, and yet in comparison with other epoch making events, was attended with comparatively small loss of life.

While William never spared himself but dashed into the thickest of the conflict, his opponent James watched the battle from the top of an adjacent hill, and afterwards scolded his men for their poor fighting. He saw 1500 of his brave fellows go under and did nothing himself to maintain his own standard. While the immortal William spent thirty-five out of forty hours in the saddle, inspiring and encouraging his men. He came out of the conflict victorious, with the loss of only 500 of his courageous soldiers, who that day sacrificed their lives on the altar of Protestant freedom.

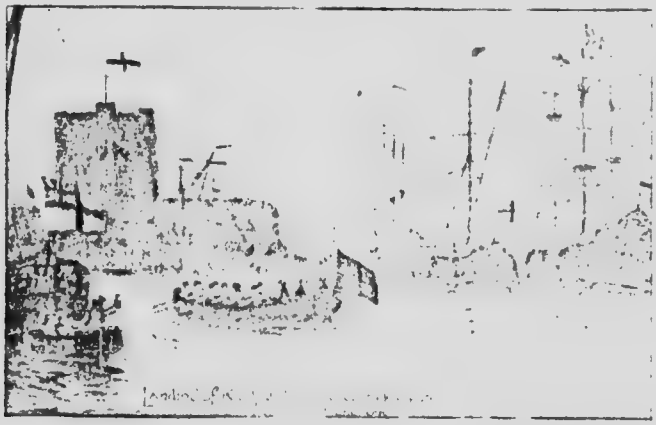
We will now ask your attention while we endeavour to describe that historic battle ground and the struggle on that memorable July 1st according to the old style of reckoning or July 12th new style. The Roman Catholic nations had adopted the new style of reckoning which went into use by the mandate of Pope Gregory XIII. in 1582. Protestant countries conceived a prejudice against it, but England saw the common sense reasoning at last and adopted the new style by putting forward the calendar eleven days, in September 1752. On the evening before July 12th things were assuming a very lively attitude on either side of the now famous river Boyne. And never since that day has the anniversary come round, but thousands have turned their thoughts backwards two hundred years, with grateful hearts, to that centre of attraction in the Emerald Isle. Others failing to grasp the significance of that event have not recognized the full price of the liberties they enjoy.

The right wing of King William's army on that eventful day was in charge of General Schomberg, the Iron Duke of the 17th century. He was ably assisted by Generals Portland and Douglas, while our great Defender placed himself at the head, and took charge of the left wing, which was composed largely of cavalry, and fully prepared to cross the Boyne at the proper moment. James was wise in his generation in watching proceedings from the hill-top. He was a typical spy. He was taking his lessons well,

but was too late to put them into practice. William was a past-master in placing his men upon the field. The bulk of the Irish contingent was concentrated on the opposite bank of the river. The skilful French engineers had set up a fortification close to the water's edge and the river bank fairly bristled with pikes and bayonets.

THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH.

It was the evening of the 11th of July and William had put in a strenuous day. He had been in the saddle from morn till eve, hastily galloping from post to post, getting everything in readiness



LANDING OF KING WILLIAM AT CARRICKFERGUS, JUNE, 16th 1690.

for the attack on the following day. At noon the cook had spread the table cloth upon the grass and provision was made for the mid-day meal, a regular countryfied picnic. The enemy on the opposite bank had been making observations, and had concluded that there was the royal party. They thought they could provide them with a nice little dessert for the mid-day meal. Two cannon were accordingly brought to the brink of the river. The meal was finished and King William arose, and while in the act of mounting his steed, with his foot in the stirrup, bang went the first cannon and struck Prince George, and as William exclaimed, "Prince George is dead," the second cannon was discharged, the bullet tearing William's coat and injuring his right shoulder, from which flowed a

large quantity of blood. His head fell on the neck of his horse and a yell of delight arose from the enemy on the opposite bank of the river. The English were in great dismay, but on recovering strength, King William encouraged them saying: "There is no harm done, but the bullet came near enough." Coningsby put his handkerchief to the wound and a surgeon was sent for. The physician applied a plaster, and as soon as the dressing of the wound was accomplished, he was in the saddle again, nor did he leave it for the next nineteen hours. The event is described by the poet of the day:

"King William said, "I don't deserve,
The name of faith's Defender;
If I do not venture life and limb
To make a foe surrender."

A bullet from the Irish came
That grazed the monarch's arm;
We thought His Majesty was slain,
Though it did him little harm.

"Brave boys," said he, "be not dismayed
For the loss of one commander;
For God will be our king to-day,
And I'll be General under."

Then let us all with heart and hand,
Unite for ever after
And bless the glorious memory,
Of William who crossed the water.

The enemy thought they had made a good shot and immediately despatched messages to England, France, Rome, and other countries, informing them that James was victorious, and that William's army was routed; and that he himself was among the slain. The news cast a gloom over England, but in France there was great rejoicing. Queen Mary also received news of William's death. The French lit bonfires, displayed fireworks, and made an effigy of Wiliam and dragged it around the streets of Paris. He was accompanied by another hideous effigy of the devil, bearing a scroll with the words, "I have been waiting for thee these three years." Being so much elated with their imaginary success, they kept up their cannonading on the opposite bank; but William was too busy to give any heed to it. The ever active hero was dashing here and there, making ready for the morrow.

The ever glorious Twelfth arrived and all was in readiness. General Schomberg gave the word of command and they marched gallantly to the brink of the Foyle. The plunge into the water was made by the men of Londonderry, and next the men of Enniskellen. Then Calemot led a forlorn column of refugees. A little to the left was the main body of English, struggling to their armpits in the water. A few minutes later and the Boyne was alive with muskets and green boughs. When half way across the river they began to realize the true nature of affairs. With wild shouts of defiance, regiment after regiment came out of their hiding places. But the noble soldiers of William pressed forward and the Irish line gave way. Several of lying Dick Talbot's men fell while he was using every effort to bring them face to face with William's forces. The rest made a gallant attempt to keep back the enemy, but it was all in vain. Calemot fell mortally wounded, but as they carried him back across the river he shouted, "On, on my lads, to victory and glory!"

Richard Hamilton, one of the best generals of James, when wounded, was brought to William, who immediately ordered one of his own surgeons to attend to his wounds. On that memorable day our hero never spared himself. He was always to be found in the most dangerous positions. One ball struck the cap of his pistol. Another carried away the heel of his jackboot, but he gave no heed to his officers, to spare him off, and retire to some place of safety from which he could give his orders. His troops, animated by his noble example gained courage for the duties of the decisive hour. Governor Walker, afterwards Bishop Walker, whose splendid work as Governor of Derry, during the siege, had immortalized his name, fell while exhorting his regiment to play the man. William showed no sympathy. He said he should have been attending to his religious duties and have left him and his soldiers to do the fighting. General Schomberg directed the battle, first from the river's bank, and then, without defensive armour, rode through hell [illegible] —"Come on gentlemen, there are your persecutors!" These were his last words, and like General Wolfe and Admiral Nelson he fell in the hour of victory. A band of furious Irish horsemen surrounded him, and when they ceased his fighting days were over. They buried him shortly after the battle in Derry Cathedral. William also, while crossing the Boyne on his noble charger, had two

very narrow escapes. He was once nearly carried away with the tide and made several desperate attempts to extricate himself and his horse from the mud, but he always succeeded. That part of the army which had crossed over kept up the firing and was joined again by William himself, after his trying and narrow escape. By this time his arm was giving him much pain, and his shoulder wound prevented him from using his sword. But he plied the sword with the left hand and succeeded in leading his men to the place where the battle raged the hottest. He at length gained and held that strategic point which decided the fate of the day. And throughout the conflict, wherever the battle raged the fiercest there was strongly in evidence the immortal prince. Whole regiments were annihilated. Of one of the Irish regiments only thirty were left. And thus the enemies of the Lord were discomfited and the battle was the Lord's. What momentous issues hung upon the six pounder that grazed the shoulder of King William! In it do we not see the uplifted hand of Jehovah?

### And What About James?

When James saw the defeat of his armies from the witness stand, and viewed the discomfited and routed soldiers, he saw his day was done, and mounting his steed, he galloped away to Dublin, leaving orders to destroy the bridge behind him, while he fled for his life. He was heartily ashamed of his Irish soldiers, and in his uncontrollable rage declared, "I will never command an Irish army again." If he had come down from the hill and had commanded his army in person, he might have had better success. He counselled his followers not to burn or sack the city, and in his valedictory speech paid a flattering compliment to his illustrious son-in law, assuring them that they had nothing to fear from the Prince of Orange, for whatever faults he had, inhumanity towards vanquished enemies was not one of them. He then remounted his steed and having climbed the Wicklow Hills, scarcely stopped until there were fifty miles between him and Dublin. At one place he called for refreshments, but it was immediately reported that his enemies were on his trail. On July 14th he reached Waterbury and here took a boat to Kinsale, here he boarded a French frigate, sailed away for Brest and he never more came back to old Ireland. One would scarcely think him so smart, when he was watching the battle of the Boyne from the top of the hill!

IN ENGLAND MEANWHILE AND THE CONQUEROR'S RETURN.

What were they doing in England during King William's absence? Fortunately there was a royal monarchy. Queen Mary was attending to all state affairs and keeping the people in good humor. It taxed all her energies to keep the kingdom straight and to defend our Protestant interests in London. That was no easy task as traitors, spies and enemies were everywhere, striving to take advantage of William's absence. William's return to headquarters was hailed with delight, for a strong hand was required to guide the ship of state through troubled waters. By his supreme tactfulness and diplomacy, he was not long in restoring the affairs of state

"ROARING MEG", AND WALKER MONUMENT, LONDONDERRY.

and increasing confidence in the hearts of his followers and faithful subjects. But he had his enemies who like sleuth hounds were stealthily dogging his footsteps. He had nothing to gain by remaining in England, and more especially after five years, when Queen Mary died and he was left alone, bereaved of his life's partner. On several occasions he was on the verge of resigning his position, and leaving England to work out her own destiny, and only from a sense of duty and his great love for our Protestant liberties, would have done so.

Dissension in the Church was followed by the refusal of Archbishop Sancroft to attend the coronation, or to place the crown upon his head, an act performed by Bishop Compton, and consequently re-

[illegible]ed by the Jacobites as unofficial. Mutiny continually break[illegible] out in the army. A bad and dangerous element in the Parlia[illegible]ment always plotting and scheming against him. James the Second [illegible] France continually intriguing and sowing corrupt seed among[illegible] Catholic nations. Constant troubles in Ireland, and the mas[illegible] the Mac Donald clan, in the north of Scotland, laid at Wil[illegible]am's door, when it had its [illegible] in the clan itself and grew out [illegible] their own tribal hatred [illegible] And a thousand other things to continually irritate and torment him. With all these considerations, who can say that William the Defender had an easy time of it. But above all he felt with more poignant grief the [illegible] of Mary to be the greatest of all his trials. He came to Eng[illegible]land to overthrow for all time the most obnoxious of all theories, the divine right of Kings, and to place on Britain's throne in the stead of the Stuarts, [illegible] with that idea, a constitutional monarch who should rule by the [illegible] of the people for the good of the people. He maintained that the governed had their divine [illegible]ghts, which must be duly [illegible] by those who govern them and only when these considerations are properly adjusted, can there be loyalty and patriotism among the King's subjects. The work taken in hand by William was well done. The British sovereign will never again attempt to impose arbitrary taxation. Never, never again, will he attempt to order clergymen to read Declarations to their flock, without proper legislation. William brought to the nation a new machinery of government, which com[illegible]ing generations have only to adapt to new conditions and ever varying circumstances. It was a little rigid and conservative in its nature, nevertheless the Revolution was brought about with very little bloodshed, as compared with the revolutions of other lands. There was not much excitement. It was simply the depos[illegible]ing of one monarch who had violated his coronation oath, and setting up of another in his place, who has entirely changed our whole conception of the word government.

The achievements of that remarkable national upheaval are summed up in three important documents. *The Bill of Rights* denied for ever the kingly prerogative over life, liberty and property of the King's subjects. The fundamental principles of English freedom. *The Act of Settlement* said that the rulers of England must base their claim on Parliamentary Statutes and every

future sovereign must be a Protestant in communion with the Church of England, as the Church by law established. *The Act of Toleration* was the thin end of the wedge and paved the way for the religious freedom and liberty of conscience which exists throughout the British Empire to-day. William of Orange was the pioneer of [illegible] The [illegible] strides the nation has [illegible] in [illegible] centuries had its start in the reformed British Constitution, and were evolved out of the Revolution of 1688 and were [illegible] during those eventful fourteen years of the reign of William the Dutchman, the Prince of the House of Orange.

Does some one say, "Is it not time to bury the past?" Is it not time to blot it from our national historical record? We answer, No! And a thousand times we answer, No! What! bury 1215 and the signing of the Charter? What! forget 1588 and the overthrow of the Spanish Armada? Forget 1605 and the diabolical attempt to blow up the British Parliament? Wipe out of our glorious history the siege of Derry and its deathless "No Surrender!" As Orangemen, forget the glorious 12th of July and the epoch making event of the Battle of the Boyne? No while Britain has a history, and the Boyne has a stream, will we forget the immortal memory of William of Orange, the hero of the Boyne, nor the boys of Derry and their deathless "No Surrender."

"O men of Britain, bless the God who gave you such a Prince,
His like was never seen before, nor ever hath been since,
The hero of our liberties, your honor and your health,
The mountain of your sturdy strength, the Ophir of your wealth.

"The energy, the daring, the cheerfulness, the pride,
The stalwart love of freedom with religion well allied,
The trust in God forever, and the hope in man for time,
These characters ye learnt of him, shall stand like him, sublime."

THE END

After a short reign of four years, the most beloved and the most hated man in the British Isles was called in manhood' prime to face the realities of Eternity. Actually, the wear and tear of a strenuous life began to show its effect upon an otherwise naturally frail constitution. At a time when men are looking towards a few years of quiet eventide repose, William knew full well that his condition was becoming critical and while silent, as his manner

was to keep many things to himself, he did not open his mind to [illegible] on the important matter of his physical condition. Seeing that matters were becoming more serious, he placed himself in correspondence with the leading physicians of Europe, but no [illegible] held out by any of them.

In the latter part of February 1702, he was leisurely riding [illegible] the grounds of the beautiful Hampton Court, once the residence of Thomas Wolsey, Henry the Eighth's Chancellor, who was degraded from office and his beautiful mansion confiscated. It was [illegible] home of the great Oliver Cromwell. It was our pleasure to visit this grand old mansion, where William spent a considerable part of his time. This splendid residence is situated about [illegible] miles from London. [illegible] about the day that King William was ambling in the grounds of Hampton Court, a mole had [illegible] work preparing unconsciously a trap for our hero. The [illegible] the ground was unperceived and the beautiful animal [illegible] and threw his unconscious rider over his head, which [illegible] the end of the Deliverer. The King was greatly shaken [illegible] among his other injuries was a broken collar bone. He [illegible] as quickly as possible over the hard road back to Kensington Palace. The jolting of the conveyance and his physical [illegible] was too much for his frail constitution and threw him [illegible] a great fever. By the first of March he had developed very dangerous symptoms. By the seventh of the month it was very evident that he was fast sinking. He realized that the things seen and temporal were gradually fading from his vision. Now came the testing time of his virtue. How did he feel and act under the approaching dissolution of his earthly tabernacle? As only a Christian could, for he bore his sufferings with great fortitude and bravely awaited the end with calmness and resignation.

About sixteen years ago a discovery was made in the Library of Cambridge University, which had been hidden from the public for more than two hundred years. We are not sure that it has ever appeared in any life of William of Orange. It was William's last prayer and throws new light upon the passing of our illustrious hero. It was found in an old manuscript and appeared in the Toronto Orange Sentinel soon after its discovery about the year 1901. The prayer is significant and shows the frame of mind in which he met his last enemy and paid the debt of nature.

## KING WILLIAM'S LAST PRAYER

"O Almighty God, the creator and preserver of men, from everlasting to everlasting thou art God, but time and chance happeneth unto all. We are under the sun, and in the midst of safety we are in danger. Yet O blessed God, it is still in Thee we live and move and have our being, and our times and lives are in Thy hands. A sparrow falleth not to the ground without Thy notice, much more are not the persons of Kings shut out of Thy rule and overrulings. I desire to adore Thee in the depths of Thy overruling providence which I am not able to fathom. Behold that affection springeth not out of the dust. I hereby submit to Thy fatherly discipline, for Thou correctest in mercy, and for my profit.

"Thou O God hast exercised me from my youth up until now with troubles and trials and difficulties, and hast hitherto carried me safely through the changes of this mortal life. O be Thou still my God and guide, preserve in me always a due sense of the instability of worldly things. Let my heart there be fixed where true and lasting joys are to be found. And grant that I may never be unprepared for death and judgment. Sanctify Thy [illegible] particular manner this my present affliction. Give me patience under it and a happy issue out of it. Let Thy fatherly hand ever be over me, and Thy holy spirit ever with me. While I live give me grace to serve Thee faithfully in the high station in which Thou hast placed me, and when I have served my generation according to Thy will, vouchsafe me an easy passage to everlasting rest through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

### The Closing Acts of a Noble Life.

The Parliament and the Ministers of the Crown, seeing that his life hung in the balance, became anxious concerning the Abjuration Bill, the Bill of Rights and the Act of Succession, to which the signature of the dying monarch had not yet been ap-

STATUE OF WILLIAM III., DUBLIN
Erected on College Green, 1701.

pended. If he should pass away without signing these important documents which were to become the future bulwarks of our Protestant liberties then a great deal of the glory of espousing our cause, of crossing the water and spending fourteen years in England might soon vanish away.

But how was he to sign these legal documents, now that his

right hand had forgotten its cu[illegible] the mother of invention. The [illegible] making of a stamp duplicating William's signature, and by a little assistance to the almost [illegible] hand of the [illegible] now famous documents recei[illegible] royal [illegible]. That was the Defender's last act for the [illegible] which he [illegible] her distresses.

It was the finishing touch [illegible] of the Brill, "I will maintain the [illegible] religion." Soon after he had performed this [illegible] for the nation, he said, "I am drawing near my end," [illegible] the experience of Hamlet who would "Rather choose [illegible] he had, than fly to others that he [illegible] not of." No[illegible] of a craven soul by a sin scarred [illegible] conscience made a coward of [illegible] approach of death. There are, thank God, many [illegible] tions to that statement put into the mouth of Hamlet by England's greatest poet, "Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all." King William was no coward in the hour of death. To one of his friends he said:—"You know I never feared death. There have been times when I should have wished it, but now that a new and prospect is opening up before me I should like to stay here a little longer." Seeing the end was rapidly approaching he took an affectionate farewell of his long tried friends. Among them were some of his own countrymen who had long served by him and never betrayed his confidence during the fourteen years that he had occupied Britain's throne.

He gave the keys of his secret closet into the hands of Albemarle saying, "You will know what to do with them." Turning to his attendant physician he said, "Can this last long?" He then most affectionately took the hand of his friend Bentinck and pressed to his heart. It was his last act on earth, for in that solemn moment he passed through death's portal to that country "from whence no traveller return." "Here the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." [illegible] Episcopal Bishops, Burnet and Tenison, were [illegible] atory prayers that he departed the [illegible] ter existence.

Lord Macaulay who ha[illegible] the Loyal Orange Association [illegible]

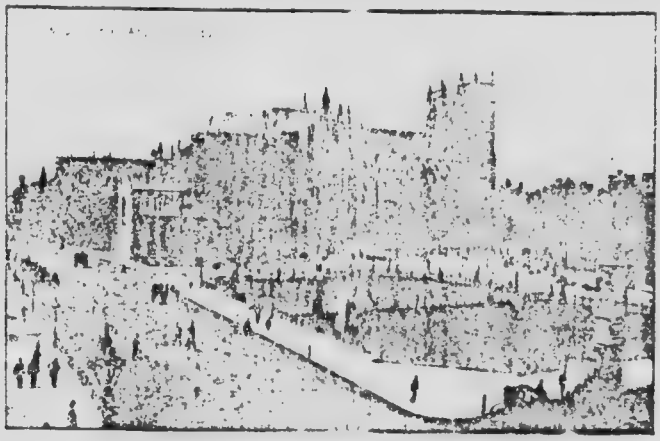
tude, tells us that those who performed the last acts of preparing his body for its honored resting place, discovered a piece of black ribbon which he wore near his heart By order of the Lords it was removed and found to contain a gold ring and a lock of Queen Mary's hair.

Had our hero his faults? Of course he had, for without them he would not have been human. His faults need no apology. What would those who adversely criticize him have done, had they been in his place? We have failed to discover anything in his life which the circumstances and his conscientious convictions could not justify. After two centuries he stands in a niche in the temple of fame, all alone, as the only one of Britain's monarchs who has a loyal association to perpetuate his memory, the members of which have sworn their loyalty to the throne, so long as the reigning sovereign of Great Britain is true to those principles of the Constitution which led Dutch Wiliam to espouse her cause, and who have also given their lives to their fatherland and have gone forth by tens of thousands to shed their blood upon the battlefields of Europe for these God-honored and eternal principles. Let those who remain never do a thing derogatory to the honor and dignity of our illustrious Leader.

### His Last Resting Place.

We return once more to our hero's last resting place. The guide admits us through the massive iron gates to that part of the far-famed Abbey, known as the Royal Tombs. Everywhere we see evidences of wealth lavished upon the memorials of departed monarchs. But when we reach the resting place of William of Orange there is nothing but a granite slab with the inscription chiselled in plain letters WILLIAM III. Born 1650, Died 1702. There is no tribute to his worth and not a text of scripture. We see wealth lavished upon other memorials, but nothing for William. Dean Stanley in his Guide Book says, "So good a man deserved better at the hands of the nation." The poets have their corner, scientists are suitably honored, explorers are lauded for their good offices for the Empire, Statesmen loom large through their monuments. John and Charles Wesley have their famous medallion upon the wall of the Abbey. John Bunyan has his stained glass window, and hundreds of others the nation has delighted to honor, but William is

left, as it were, out in the cold. Why has the nation been so tardy in recognizing the worth of so great and useful a man, and one of its most glorious deliverers? Was it because he was of foreign birth? Maybe it has been left for the Orangemen overseas to rise to the occasion. Perhaps some day permission may be sought of the Abbey authorities to erect a suitable monument, and Newfoundland and Canada may be the people, through the Orange Association, to do honor to their hero. Ten cents from every member of the Orange Association and the provision is made, and all the brethren of the



WESTMINISTER ABBEY, LONDON
THE LAST RESTING PLACE OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE

Order in time to come would be drawn as by a strange magnetism to that spot in the Abbey, honored by the sacred dust and the memorial of his grateful brethren. But should not this vision materialize, we are reminded of the inscription of Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's Cathedral, "If you would see his monument, look around you?" And will not these words apply to him whose career we have imperfectly tried to sketch with the aid of Macaulay and other historians, and through the channel of observation? Are not the thousands of Orange Halls where his followers are registered, approximately more than half a million members in many parts of His Majesty's dominions, and who are bound by obligations of unity, of love and confraternity, who meet together to cement these sacred bonds, is not this a monument indeed?

Let us never forget the integrity of the men of Derry, nor the pivot battle of the Boyne, nor the noble men who in the past secured for us our civil and religious heritage. May we ever hold dear this sacred trust, and like the hero of the ocean and the warrior of the battlefield may we fight our battles nobly and well. The moral victories of the future will be far greater than the bloody struggles by land and sea, for "he that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

Let us never disgrace the principles of our illustrious order, or the hero of the Boyne, the champion of our dearly bought liberties, and so, living up to our duties we shall not give the enemy cause to blaspheme.

## NO SURRENDER

Like some hero of the ocean,
Like some warrior of the field,
Fight the fight of faith and freedom
Fight till death and never yield.

CHORUS,—

No Surrender! No Surrender!
Ever be our battle cry,
No Surrender! No Surrender!
Win the field or die.

Evil deeds are all around you,
Sins of greed and sins of lust,
Show that ye are God's own freeman,
Strike the tyrant in the dust.
No Surrender, &c.

Though the world deride and mock you,
Nail your colours to the mast,
God's own strength shall dwell within you
Till the strife be overpast.
No Surrender, &c.

So your soil shall grow in greatness
Grow in power and liberty,
God's own grace shall dwell within you.
And His truth shall make you free.
No Surrender, &c.